

To His most Sacred Majesty  
**King William III.**

**A Congratulatory POEM.**

As it was Presented to His MAJESTY, by the  
Author, at Grace-Church-Street Corner.

[ I. ]

**H**AIL! Mighty MONARCH, Hail!  
Let Vict'ry's Wreath  
Be 'Girt upon Thy BROW : Let Angels down  
Descend with Orbs, t'incircle 'round Thy CROWN,  
Since Blessed PEACE,  
Arriv'd in Britain's Isle,  
Once Banish'd, comes again, with Heav'n's Atispicious Smile.

[ II. ]

Let ev'ry LOYAL Heart  
Insatiate Gaze  
On THE E with greedy Eyes: — And let Thy SOUL,  
By the bright Builder of each Heav'nly Pole,  
With HALCYON Dayes  
Be Bless'd. Let each impart,  
Who once Offensive were, a Humble, Contrite HEART.

[ III. ]

Thrice Hail, Heroick PRINCE !  
Whose Actions Great,  
Put MARS into a Trembling, Pannick Fear,  
To see Great Britain's KING Reign GOD of WAR :  
MINERVA Beat,  
T'espys the CURB of FRANCE,  
Her Left-hand Gorgon'd Shield, against her Right-hand Lance.

[ IV. ]

Dread, Mighty MONARCH, may  
Y'injoy the THRONE,  
With Lasting, Plenteous PEACE; whilst Thy dread Fame  
Scatters Amazement thro this tott'ring Frame :  
That all may Own,  
And ev'ry Nation Say ;  
Not Thund'ring Jove, but Mighty NASSAU Rules the Day.

[ V. ]

The World hath Felt Thine ARMS ! —  
Let th' Shannon, Boyne,  
Athlone, Namure, Landen, and Steenkirk Tell  
What Numbers by Thy Mighty PROWESS Fell.  
Let th' Heavens Design  
Thy Bliss : And let That ARM  
SCEPTER'D, Secure Thy Subjects from all Foreign Harm.

[ VI. ]

Behold, Heroick SOUL !  
Thy Subjects stand  
Vanish'd to see Thy Royal PRESENCE Bliss  
(After Fatigues) this Isle's METROPOLIS.  
Each Heart doth fend  
An Echo to'ards the Sky,  
Thus Wishing, CÆSAR Live ! For Ever Live, say I,  
Tour MAJESTY's most  
Dutiful, *id* Loyal Subject,  
Benja. Harris.

**LONDON**, Printed, and Sold by B. Harris, at the Corner  
of Grace-Church-Street, next Corn-hill. 1697.

